

Will Smith F/ Christina Vidal "He Comes"

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"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Posdonus]

Down, like water, fresh out the clouds clown
Drown you like terrible weather
Nobody does it better than I, so approved by Carly
Simon
Most rappers is real hard, but still hardly rhymin
To all - rise and shine - give God the glory
I already give a percent of mine to Bert & Cory
And still got bills and employees to pay
So excuse me Lord, we'll settle up towards the end of
my days
My ways of control is hard to swallow
Known to lead, but some would rather see me follow
behind
Sorry to dis-appoint, but dis joint's mine
Dis-play your indie but say no -
- more or I'll blind you like spit did to Remo
- to the dirt - and edit the clip and lost Kano
My mens wear problems like Timbs
See it all in they face, ask Mase, he got wars to win
Scores to settle, crews to crush
You rush right in to see him do it with a smile
It's Long Isle y'all, longevity sustainin my celebrity
status
From AM to PM, you see him on file y'all
I was told to step righteous, so when it's done
everyone will say I stepped right
And whether through religion, or stopped by the cop
shinin his flash in my face, I'm bound to see the light

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Dave]

Aiyyo I'm up against these walls, here's my back stiff
straight up
Dazzle and razzlin broads like I'm little Juan Magic
Magnetically handle mics, they don't drop
Top drama every time these commas don't drop

Pop spots like lint on your shirt, the net worth
to shoot the rock homey in many courts of ball
Four couldn't do it, so we bring all six
I circumcise the track, you just a dick - overlapped and
hooded
Skin repeated like Stutterin John
I repeat like yesterday, it don't stop
George of this poor life pop, put to Scarlet
in a place she believes, much better than your lies
She say she lookin better in my eyes, bullshit!
Same crock she done ran to duck, crammin to fuck
I put the pudding on her like Bill Cosby
I tried to speak my piece in court but Judge Mills
paused me
Bifocusedly die hopeless sometimes
Yo cry your poker face, you oughta try it one time
When God is an non pos', you stand to download
Demanded like slaves on trial - we want free
Man cock aim ready, it's time you MC
So you rappers bust bee-bee guns, graffiti runs
through my veins since cable with the wired remote
Woodgrainin like you wired his float

[Interlude: Ghostface]

C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years
old
Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our
flow
A group of kids so original

[Ghost] You heard?

[Interlude]

[Ghostface Killah]

Tony 'Tana with big hammers for bad manners who got
'em
We kiss cannons for Scragelous crew, and his whack
dancers
Bitin is forbidden pah, pay that tax
And don't you ever look at us funny - boy, we'll bring
rap back
And that'll hurt you like Superman, chased by a group
of men
with dyna-mics, real hip-hop'll do you in
For you like Loo Goo Kim, or Moo Loo Inn
Hula hoop all bitches crew full with brand new Keds
Cutmaster kill 'em, make sure we cut classics
Buck bastards in broad day and tuck caskets
Next to Uday and Qusay, how can the group shoot the

PA
and just lay whooptay whooptay?
Use the ruse, sport beads and snatch a dude's toupee
Since tunin into T-La Rock'n AJ
Ghostface gats is freshed squeezed like a glass of OJ
Girls you can go cruisin in my OJ

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

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